

PHILADELPHIA



REPOSITORY,

AND

WEEKLY REGISTER.

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Saturday, August 15, 1801.

EDWARD WALWIN.

AN ORIGINAL NOVEL.

[Written by a Young Gentleman of Philadelphia.]

(CONTINUED.)

NOTHING material occurred to our travellers until the second evening, when it began to rain, and increased with such violence, that they were obliged to seek shelter; and seeing a light at a distance, they rode to the house from whence it proceeded, and requested admittance. An old man opened the door, and very civilly invited them in. This invitation they gladly accepted, whilst he went out to take care of their horses.

Before a blazing fire sat a man, whom Edward soon recognized to be the late inhabitant of the cavern at Norville, and he recollecting Edward, mutual congratulations passed between them; nor did he forget William, but gave him his hand with a hearty good will. The good man of the house now returning, produced some dry clothes, which he insisted our travellers should put on. This they complied with, as they were completely drenched. This being done, they all entered into friendly conversation.—“I paid a visit lately (said Edward) to your subterraneous dwelling, but was surprised at finding it in ruins.” “Yes, (replied he,) it fell in; but by good chance I happened to be out of it at the time; and this has occasioned me a temporary return to the habitations of men.”—At this instant the Hermit turned pale, and exclaimed in a broken voice,

“My God! what do I see!” They were all surprised, and Edward begged to know the occasion of his exclamation, when he continued, “Yes, it is the same! tell me how you came by it?” seizing hold of the miniature which Edward wore at his breast. “That miniature, Sir, belonged to my unfortunate mother, who perished in the deep.” “Oh! my son!” cried he, and fell backwards on his chair: Edward, who was much affected, rushed forward to support him: opening his eyes, he exclaimed again, “Yes, it is my son! the very picture of my Eliza! Edward could only utter, “Oh! my father!” They tenderly embraced each other, mingling their tears together, whilst William and the old man preserved a respectful silence. At length the Hermit, lifting up his eyes in adoration to heaven, said, “I thank thee, O Father of Mercies, that thou hast been pleased to bless my latter days; that I have found my son again!” Edward joined his father, though silently, in his devotions. After a considerable pause, the late Hermit said, “I will no more depart from the society of man, but will pass those days, which heaven shall give me, with my son.” Edward too gave vent to the feelings of his heart.

The father now desired Edward to delay his journey for a few days, and remain with him; but Edward stating to him the obligations he was under to Mr. Bolton, and how prejudicial the least delay would prove to his interest; “Well then, (replied his father,) since you cannot stay with me, I will go with you; thank heaven I am in health, and will be able to perform the journey; Richard, (turning to the old man) you can furnish me with a horse.” Richard replied, “yes.” They all now retired to bed. But neither Edward nor his father could compose them-

selves to sleep; such interesting and unexpected events sufficiently occupied their thoughts, and bid defiance to the attacks of Morpheus; and when day began to peep over the eastern hills, our travellers were ready for their departure.

As they rode slowly on, Edward's father thus resumed the discourse,—“I presume, my dear son, it would be acceptable to you to hear something of your family; and as this is a suitable opportunity, I shall give you some information respecting it. I am descended from respectable ancestors in Great Britain, whose family-name is Belmont. At the age of twenty-two, I married your mother, an amiable woman, whose image time will never efface from my memory.” He paused, wiped the tears from his cheek, and thus continued his narrative, “Two months after our marriage, my mercantile affairs called me to America, where I remained two years, during which time I proved so successful as to realise a considerable fortune. At the end of this period I returned to England, to bring over my wife, having determined to settle in New-York.

“We embarked in a vessel bound to that port, with you, who had been born during my absence. Our time during the voyage passed very agreeably in caressing the pledge of our mutual affection, and forming plans for his establishment in life.—But alas! how vain are human hopes, how uncertain human bliss! Not far distant from our destined port, a storm arose, and our vessel, torn and tossed by the tempest, began to fill. We fired repeated signals, but they were not answered: the cries of the sailors, and the dread of death filled me with dismay, and I should have sunk under it, had not my Eliza, with intrepid fortitude, sustained my sinking spirits.—“Let us try every expedient, my love,

(said she,) if they all fail, we will meet death with constancy." Animated by her words, I collected some timber, of which I formed a raft: I placed you and her upon it, but before I could disengage myself from the vessel, a wave carried the raft away. I was now on the brink of despair, to think that I had lost for ever, her I held far dearer than life."—Here again the big tear rolled down the narrator's cheek, and he was obliged to stop for a few minutes. Edward's flowed in unison; nor could the sympathising bosom of the faithful William suffer him to behold unmoved such an affecting scene;—they all wept together.—At length the father continued; "At this instant another tremendous wave bore away the remaining mast; the vessel separated, and I was plunged into the ocean; I rose, and, although I valued not my existence, instinctively caught hold of a mast which floated near me, and which bore me on the surface of the water until the storm subsided. In the morning I was taken up, with several others, who were in a similar condition, by a vessel bound for New-York. Among those who were preserved, was a faithful servant, who had accompanied us from England; he is the man who entertained you so kindly last night. We arrived at New-York, where I settled my affairs, and after vowing never again to bear the name of Belmont, resolved to pass my days far from the world. Having, when in America before, visited Vermont, and being charmed with the romantic appearance of the country, I resolved to retire there, for which purpose I caused the subterraneous cave, in which you first discovered me, to be dug. Richard often privately visited me, bringing with him all that was necessary to support life. It was during one of these visits that the accident happened to my cave, and which compelled me to leave it for some time, and return with Richard to his habitation. I have given orders to have another one dug; but since I have found my long lost son, I will relinquish the hermit's life, and return to the world; and as I have discarded my real name, will assume that of my son's. The first moment I saw you, your resemblance to Eliza struck me, tho' I dared not cherish the fond idea; till accident last night, (the happiest perhaps of my life,) discovered to me the miniature at your breast, which put the matter beyond all doubt.—And now, how are all my sorrows recompensed in finding my son! how does my fond heart bound in embracing the image of my Eliza!"

Here Edward's father concluded his nar-

rative, and requested Edward in return, to gratify his anxious curiosity by a detail of events respecting himself. Edward obeyed, giving him a minute account of every circumstance that had befallen him. This account however we pass over, as the reader is already well acquainted with his adventures. When he had finished, his father was warm in the praise of Mr. Bolton's disinterested conduct: "Since, (said he,) he gave you his daughter without regarding the mercenary views of fortune, I am determined to bestow all I possess upon you. It would not satisfy an avaricious or profligate man, but it is sufficient to maintain an æconomical one in affluence." Edward was filled with gratitude for this mark of his father's affection; and both as they rode along, conversed on their adventures, the elder Mr. Walwin, (for so Edward's father will now be termed,) not forgetting to thank William for his services to Edward, which, he added, should not pass unrewarded. "I ask no other reward, Sir, (replied William,) than the continuance of your friendship, and that of your amiable son."

They all arrived safe in New-York, and Edward accomplished Mr. Bolton's business to his satisfaction.

(To be concluded in our next.)

SOME ACCOUNT OF HORACE.

QUINTUS FLACCUS HORATIUS, the most excellent of the Latin Poets of the lyric and satirical kind, and the most judicious critic in the reign of Augustus, was the grandson of a freed man, and was born at Venusium, 64 B. C. He had the best masters in Rome, after which he completed his education at Athens. Having taken up arms, he embraced the party of Brutus and Cassius, but left his shield at the battle of Philippi. Some time after, he gave himself up entirely to the study of polite literature and poetry. His talents soon made him known to Augustus and Mecænas, who had a particular esteem for him, and loaded him with favours. Horace also contracted a strict friendship with Agrippa, Pollio, Virgil, and all the other great men of his time. He lived without ambition, and led a tranquil and agreeable life with his friends; but was subject to a defluxion in his eyes. He died at the age of 57. There are still extant his Odes, Epistles, Satires, and art of Poetry; of which there have been a great number of editions. The best are those of the Louvre, in 1642, folio; of Paris, 1691, quarto; of Cambridge, 1699; and that with Bentley's emendations, printed at Cambridge in 1711.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

MR. HOGAN,

Wishing to contribute my mite both for the amusement and profit of your readers, I have sent you the inclosed piece of Poetry, translated from the French. If you think it merits a place in your Repository, I hope it will be a means of conveying useful information to the young, and give no offence to the aged. It needs nothing to be said in its praise, the piece will speak for itself.

R. W.

The Art of Conversation.

Translated from the French of Pere André, Professor of Eloquence at Rouen, in Normandy.

*Tho' without this I every science knew,
Much I might talk, but not converse with you.*

[The design, (says the translator) in publishing this little piece, is to promote a taste for rational, useful and agreeable conversation; and to furnish some plain and solid rules for the practice of an art, highly interesting to all ranks in society.

Tho' the translator calls this a poem, he disclaims all pretensions to the title of poet: and only, (as Voltaire says of Buffier) makes that use of verse, (not poetry) for which it was originally intended: namely, to imprint on the mind, such things as men are desirous of remembering.]

HAIL conversation! precious gift of heaven,

And tho' no science, fairly worth the seven:
By thee, the greatest blessing of mankind,
Friendship is for m'd, cemented and refin'd:
In this we probe the human mind and heart,
And in their pleasures, or their pains take part.

Learn here its rules: the dictates of sound sense,

Improv'd by prudence and benevolence.
Tho' without these, I every science knew,
Much I might talk, but not converse with you.

NOTES.

Hail conversation!] We frequently use terms without having an adequate idea in our mind; often a false one. Perhaps an attentive perusal of this little poem will convince us that CONVERSATION is a term of this sort. Many will probably here learn, for the first time, that the end of conversation is the improvement of ourselves and others. That where this is not our view, we frustrate the design of our Creator, dissipate our precious time, and abuse our faculties and talents.

Friendship is form'd.] Is not this term, friendship, often abused? Here it signifies that sort, where virtue is the mutual view; and reciprocal interest, both spiritual and temporal, the pursuit. This only is true friendship, and truly christian.

Much I might talk.] Empty chit-chat, and frivolous small-talk, by many abusively called conversation, is here formally excluded; and great-talk too, if I may be allowed the expression; for the fashionable topics, of horses, dogs, gaming, modes, scandal, &c. nay even politics and religion, when introduced as subjects of the rash criticism, and malign censure of petulance and ignorance,

The mind's interpreter, the tongue must
be, (agree.
Your thoughts and words shou'd never dis-

Adapt to every character your speech;
When with the ignorant, keep within their
reach:

Accost the great with decent modesty:
Be with your equals, gay, and plain, and free.

Too scrupulous choice of words wou'd
cramp the sense:
Yet risk no word can give the least offence.

Whene'er by chance, or choice, mix'd in
the round (ground.

Of company, first learn to know your
Some coldly serious you will find, some vain,
Another often quite the Harlequin:

One strives to shine; this with shrewd sa-
tire stuns: (puns:

That backbites all; while others deal out
Odd characters! 'tis true; yet still to each,
You nicely must accommodate your speech;
Your very air, your tone of voice, your face,
With due regard to age, rank, time and
place.

Ask, answer, listen, condescend, and be
Convinc'd; when proper, dissent modestly.
Be complaisant in all; but never so
As to approve what bad, or false you know:
A smile of mean connivance oft will loose
A wretch's tongue, both God and man to
abuse.

Whate'er in life your rank or station be;
Act not the tyrant in your company:
Freedom in converse is required, and ease;
If overbearing, you will never please.

Dare be sincere, but prudence keep in
view,

By these directed always truth pursue;
Speak it out plainly, so it pleases best;
As beauty strikes us most, when least 'tis
drest.

NOTES.

First learn to know your ground.] A nice attention to
this rule, will prevent many improprieties; and point
out the way of rendering ourselves agreeable; as the
contrary conduct, and neglect of the following cautions
will make our character appear as odd as any of the
above mentioned.

What bad, or false.] It is letting ourselves down very
low to approve of what is really bad, or false; if virtue
does not prevail with us, let our pride at least support
us; it is perhaps a lesser evil.

A smile of mean connivance.] Tho' prudence in some
circumstances withholds the direct censure; yet mor-
tality and honour oblige us indispensably to shew at
least indirectly our disapprobation, where the honour
of our Maker, or our neighbour's reputation is injured.
Our modern self-called philosophers will not relish this
doctrine; as it baulks them of the laugh and admiration
they so eagerly court, at the expence of their religion,
and their reason too.

Speak it out plainly.] Supposing it necessary, or use-
ful, and no danger of just offence.

The sons of vanity, loquacious herd!
Bring in dear self, at every other word.
I saw it, I was one, I told them so,
Ay! that was *I*, *I* surely ought to know—
Avoid this vice, destructive of all worth;
For tho' the greatest hero you on earth,
This *I* alone, would all your merit taint;
Nay make a very devil of a saint.

The fool who grins at every thing that's
said,
By all is grinn'd at when he turns his head.
Never affect to deal much in—bon mots,
That trade belongs to fribbles, coxcombs,
beaux.

Satire will please; too many love ill-nature;
But hate the satirist, while they applaud the
satire.

If much you rally, I suspect your heart,
Fear you I may; admire, but hate your art.

Remember to avoid, with studious care,
The pedant's gloom, and supercilious air:
Against our laws, 'tis always equal sinning,
Never to laugh, or always to be grinning.
Observe, in hot dispute with yonder fribble,
That dogmatizing scavant fraught with
quibble!

Hot from his study, with stiff air and tone,
He pesters you with science—not his own.
Thanks to his library, and not his wit,
You've all that Locke, or Leibnitz ever
writ.

Don't contradict him, or he will distinguish,
And sub-distinguish; and all sense relin-
quish.

He who talks much, will void of sense
be found;
As empty vessels yield the loudest sound:
Watch his discordant ideas, and soon
You'll plainly see, the machine's out of tune.

While others speak, be all attention you;
When 'tis your turn, be clear, your words
but few.

If too long-winded, you'll unkindly baulk
Your neighbour, eager, as yourself, to talk.
Let all be int'rested in what you tell,
'Twill wake attention, tho' you don't excel:

NOTES.

This I alone.] The least reflection on the disgust we
feel at egotism in others, will convince us, how dis-
agreeable the practice of it must render ourselves.

Never to laugh.] As our faculties are given us to be
exercised; our author is a better philosopher than to
proscribe laughing. It is needless here, however, to
except the horse-laugh, as the term sufficiently be-
speaks its brutality.

Be all attention.] He who is not acquainted with the
delicacy of self-love, must be very stupid, and knows
very little of the world: he who shocks it, is not fit for
society. Nothing perhaps, gives more offence to self-
love, than inattention to what we say; it is a sore mark
of ill-breeding, and often, of many worse qualities.

Never exhaust your subject, leave behind
Some point, on which they may employ
their mind.

To rise with dignity, descend with ease.
Instruct while pleasing, by instruction
please:

From grave to pass with grace to gay, and
then

To change with equal ease to grave again:
Happy the man, who's of these gifts pos-
sess'd;

Next happy they, who're with his converse
bless'd!

Make each one with himself content;
and he

Will never fail to be content with thee;
Nor envious him, nor jealous will you find,
You've own'd his merit, he'll repay in kind:
Mean flatt'ry tho', will never gain this end,
Or ever make a man of sense your friend:
He scorns you, when, your judgment to re-
sign,

He finds you ready; sees thro' your design.

Who never contradicts, sets me to sleep:
What profit from his converse can one reap?
Polite disputes our faculties awake,
As gentle breezes stir the dormant lake:
Strike out the truth, before involv'd in th'
dark;

Thus flint and steel excite the latent spark.
But still great nicety's requir'd, and art,
In all dispute to act a proper part.
Be reason always in debate your guide,
Dare any combat with her on your side;
But shou'd you ken her 'midst the hostile
train,

Strike instantaneous; to resist, is vain:
Own your conviction, 'twill insure to you,
Part of the glory, to the victor due.

NOTES.

Who're with his converse bless'd!] Conversation with
persons of sense, virtue, learning and vivacity, is cer-
tainly the highest feast for a rational being. How hu-
miliating is it, to such as know human nature, and the
importance of its destinations, to see this pleasure so much
disregarded: and empty trifles, nay, even brutal enjoy-
ments, preferred by the generality of the species? Some
writers censure the women for not encouraging this kind
of conversation; and others blame them for discouraging
it, by their countenancing small-talk. Their influence
no doubt might be serviceable, and their exerting it,
would restore to their sex a dignity, at present some-
what impaired; revive the power they are deemed so
fond of, now a little precarious; and procure them an
improvement, that would add a real value to those
charms, which without it, rank them little higher than
a Venus of Medicis, or an highly finished portrait of
Vandyke or Reynolds.

To act a proper part.] A general rule in all dispute,
and indeed in all conversation, is, never to advance any
thing that does not appear, at least, clear to us, and to
the purpose. We may be mistaken; but must then
be open to conviction, nay, desirous of it.

Harsh, or contemptuous terms, all scorn or spite,

Are poison'd weapons, not allow'd in fight:
Oft has the tenderest friendship chang'd to hate,

(bate:
From one rash word, flung out in hot de-
In vain the healing balsam is apply'd:
The dart was poison'd, all is mortify'd.

Converse politely, affectation fly,
Praise little, and blame less; bear raillery.
Bear raillery! you say. Yes, you must bear it;
It only hurts the weak, because they fear it:
But *you*, good humour'd, join the laugh,
nor be

Too prompt to parry with tart repartee.

Damn'd to one point of view, the narrow mind,

Can ne'er for conversation matter find:
Just *one* set of ideas, not one more;
When once you've heard him, you have all
his store:

Campaigns are always Col. Kill'em's topic;
Newton's attractions that of Dr. Tropic.
Oh! sweet variety, to thee we owe,
Half of the pleasures we in converse know.

Wou'd you perfection in this art attain?
Study one secret well, 'tis worth the pain;
The secret is,—with ease, but not by force,
To turn to worthy subjects the discourse.
The means? you ask: here take them, they
are clear:

Set ev'ry one to talk within his sphere.
What regards commerce, merchants make
explain:

(grain;
The farmer tell the price, and growth of
Th' judicious traveller many hints imparts,
Of men and manners, climates, nature, arts:
Indulge the rich, on riches to descant;
The needy'll give good lessons upon want;
The soldier upon war: then questions chuse,
Which answered may turn out to public use.
Thus each one's merit, be it ne'er so small,
Turns to account, and is of use to all.

NOTES.

[*Harsh, or contemptuous.*] A sincere pursuit of truth, however disagreeable; a diffidence of our judgment, which experience teaches us, to be oftener wrong than right; a command of our passions; a consideration of the deference we exact from others; a view of the censure and contempt we incur by abusive language, are infallible means of avoiding the dangers we are here guarded against, and which are not imaginary ones.

[*Sweet variety.*] The sources of this variety are, the reading of improving books; an habit of reflection and observation of what is worth remark; an abhorrence of frivolity and dissipation. The sterility of many, and the awkwardness they feel in rational converse, proceed from the defect of the fore-mentioned practice.—*N. B.* Many ladies, and a certain sort of gentlemen, are furnished with a variety of ideas from romances, novels, &c. and yet are at a loss in rational conversation; perhaps their ideas are not fit to communicate.

[*To turn to worthy subjects.*] To do this aptly, and ingeniously, is one of the greatest perfections of conversation. He who executes it well, is an universal benefactor.

Here fain the muse, with deference due,
would dare

Offer some hints peculiar to the fair.

But CARDS alas! too much their thoughts
employ,

Curs'd cards! the bane of ev'ry social joy.
Direful invention of some demon's art!
T' debase the human mind, and spoil the
heart:

That mind, created to such noble ends,
They turn aside from converse, duty, friends:
This heart, for joys ecstatic form'd by heaven,
Is damn'd to flutter at a *six*, or *seven*!
Tell me, ye fair ones, is it not a crime,
To murder thus your best friends—thought
and time?

Yet some there are, who without *whist*
or *loo*,

Know to amuse themselves, and others too.
With such as these, you'll great resources
find,

Both to improve, and to adorn your mind.
When you the pleasure of their converse
share,

(air:
Approach them with respect, and decent
The sex claims deference from us as a duty;
(Where there's no merit, pay it to—their
beauty.)

(the fit;
From these you'll learn the graceful, and
The choice of terms, the delicate in wit:
The point of *golf*, the method sure to please;
The proper term of phrase, the decent ease;
Elegant softness—but *here* draw a line,
Lest to th' effeminate, heedless, you decline:

NOTES.

[*Curs'd cards!*] Where cards are productive of the evils here enumerated, as they certainly often are; and of many more grievous; no man or woman of sense will hesitate to subscribe to this censure. Was ever man or woman eager for cards, uneasy without them, neglectful of any duty for their sake? The ignorant, the avaricious, the indolent, the unthinking are found of cards, tho' they dare not, perhaps often cannot tell why.

[*To murder thus*] Mr. Locke's opinion of cards, when a party was proposed, is an authority too trite, to need repeating; and too weighty to be refused: not that any great authority is necessary to convince us, that the precious advantages of rational thought, and time well applied, are ill exchanged for the futile pleasure of a card-table, even supposing it free from the anxiety, ill humour, disappointments, and low bickerings which commonly attend it.

[*Yet some there are*] Too few, we fear; yet enough to shew the *many*, (if they would make the comparison) how inferior themselves are in the opinion of every man of sense: whose approbation, it may, for many reasons, behave them to court.

[*Here draw a line.*] As our Macaroni's deal very little in the sciences; no wonder they are not mathematicians enough to draw this line. A great deal of satire has been lavished on these Heteroclitics; but they are too callous.—Alas! can Sporus feel?—However it is of use to haug them out in terror to the growing generation, as the drunken slaves among the Athenians. The ladies are unjustly censured for extending their favours to these unworthies; it is sound policy: These apostates give up the superiority of our sex, which always sits uneasy on the other—and woman's passion for monkey is an established right.

Be on your guard, the proper bounds to fix;
Never their foibles, with their graces mix:
Their frivolous small-talk shun, and vanity,
Passion for trifles bord'ring on insanity.
We can't suspect them, (it were too severe)
Of poisonous slander, or malicious sneer.

Immoral and loose speech with care re-
press;

(dress.
Our hearts are known, as harlots, by their
The wretch insults his company, who dares
Defile with lewd discourse, their modest
ears;

(pudence!)
Shews plain, he thinks them all (what im-
Void, as himself, of decency, and sense:
Indeed he owns 'tis some extenuation)
His own low-birth, or lower education.
But base-begotten! if you bear the name
Of injur'd fathers, spare your mother's
shame.

If vice, or vicious acts you must relate,
Give it a turn which may express your hate.

Speak, let me know you; said an ancient
wight,

To one, who silent stood; and he was right:
By words, by even one, or gest, or tone,
The speaker's heart is easy to be known.
Some virtue's praise, so unfeelingly recite,
You plainly see 'tis not their heart's delight.
Some against vice in others loud exclaim;
But in themselves excuse the very same.
Would you with love of virtue me inspire?
And with the charms of moral beauty fire?
Prove by your warm insinuating art,
That what you teach flows from both mind
and heart.

Monstrous the contrast! where are seen
all'd,

The humble virtue, and the scornful pride:
Vice seeks in vain to put on virtue's air,
The cheat sooner or later must appear:
Bedeck a peasant in a queen's array,
Her awkward movements will the clown
betray.

So sure it is, in spite of hypocrisy, (be.
Who'd virtuous seem, must always virtuous
Let heart and tongue be always in accord,
One single spring must play the thought
and word.

NOTES.

[*Immoral and loose speech.*] Want of decency is want of sense—consequently every one who broaches, or prompts lewd discourse, is a fool. One should never look for this vulgar vice, but in the brothel, or night cellar; yet it is too often met with among people of fashion, or who pass for such; where lewd sallies, and obscene toasts circulate with the bottle. It was a shrewd observation of one, who said, he always suspected the virtue of the mother of any gentleman addicted to this infamous folly; and had often verified his suspicions by traditional anecdotes of such ladies, who had their grooms, or coachmen, for their gallants, the very year these sons were born. *Quere?* If it were not a more pardonable insult to the company, if a man discharged the contents of his stomach on the table; than to defile their ears with the odious of his obscene imaginations?

In short—be sensible in conversation;
Something reserv'd, without dissimulation.
Benevolence sincere to all extend,
From honour's strictest rules dare never
bend. (lish;
Stern reas'ning, soft politeness let embel-
Add attic salt enough to give a relish.

In every company have still in view,
To improve yourself, and profit others too:
That each retiring, in himself may say,
I find my mind and heart improv'd to-day.

ALBERT:

AN ORIGINAL TALE.

(CONTINUED.)

The wrath of Peleus' son, the direful spring
Of all the Grecian woes, O Goddess sing.

THE ancestors of Tancred and Louis had been remarkable, from time immemorial, for the infrangible friendship which had subsisted between them. The fathers of our two opponents were more particularly so than any of their forefathers. They were educated together,—partook of the same pleasures and pains,—of the same enmities and friendships. This friendship Tancred derived from his father with unabated ardour. He would have gone to any length for his friend.—Not so Louis—he was a prey to the most unbounded envy that ever corroded the breast of man. He was miserable at beholding the prosperity and happiness his friend enjoyed, and he determined in his own mind to mar the felicity he could not participate.

The sister of Tancred was young, beautiful, lovely and innocent: in her was concentrated all the happiness of Tancred—She, seduced by the blandishments of the villainous Louis, lost, in an unhappy hour, that

—thing of subtle slippery kind
Which women lose, and yet no man can find!

This could not long be concealed from her brother; an officious domestic betrayed the whole affair to Tancred. His anger knew no bounds—he sought Louis—"Vile, ungrateful villain," exclaimed he, almost choked with passion, "is this the return thou makest for my blind partiality to thee?—but thou shalt know that an injured brother will revenge his sister's wrongs.—Why dost thou stand mute?—Dost thou repent thy villainy, or fearest thou to draw thy sword?—Nay, this I cannot bear, thy contumelious smile—" "You have raved enough," returned Louis, with a calm contemptuous grin, "I am far from repenting my villainy, I glory in it.—Know, that I have always envied you—that I have determined to mar your peace—and that while I have blood in my veins, I never will cease to annoy and persecute you."

"Then thus (said Tancred) I end your infamous designs with your wicked life."—At the same time he drew his sword, and rushed on him. Louis had expected this, and was accordingly prepared for it. Villainy and bravery seldom exist in the same person. Tancred conquered; but he abstained from "omne jus belli," and generously forgave his enemy, upon condition that he would instantly leave the country, and never appear there again. Louis returned to his father's dominions, which in a short time devolved upon him. His mind was so much irritated by his late disgraceful defeat, that to retrieve his honour, and revenge himself, he resolved upon a
—bloody, terrible, relentless war.

Louis executed all his intentions with great promptness and vigour; and never had he been more prompt, than in the present instance. Defeating all that had the temerity to obstruct his march, he sat himself down before the gates of Rosponi, before Tancred was aware of his intentions. Tancred held out for a long time, but one fatal night, Louis, by the treachery of the guards, effected an entrance into the city, and obliged his enemy to make a hasty departure.

Tancred determined to go to the court of his friend Salmaria, for assistance. On his way he was attacked by some robbers, but owing to the timely assistance of Albert, he suffered no material injury, as we before related.

Tancred and his daughter were received with great cordiality by Salmaria. Albert declined being introduced unto him until he had accomplished some feat, that would entitle him to that honour. Nor was an opportunity long wanting: he was informed that a tournament was to be held on the ensuing day, in honour of the nuptials of the Duke of Moylani with the beautiful Laodice. Being desirous of appearing, he disclosed his wishes to his friend Tancred, who instantly presented him with a superb suit of white armour, and a milk-white steed, properly caparisoned.—Thus enabled, by the generosity of his friend, to appear as an honourable knight, he sought an interview with the Lady Julia, and in the most respectful terms, (not without much diffidence,) he asked the honour of breaking a lance in her name.—The request was granted with

—downcast eyes, and trembling voice.

The next day the herald proclaimed, by order of Albert: *That the knight in white armour (for he had received that dignity from Tancred) would maintain the beauty of Julia, daughter of Prince Tancred, against any knight whatsoever.* At that instant Gambleo, surnamed the Haughty, advanced—

"Presumptuous boy, (said he,) who art thou that challenges with such temerity?" "My deeds shall answer thy haughtiness," answered Albert—and at the same time putting his lance at rest, he rushed upon him. The vain boaster had ne'er felt such a shock before—he staggered and fell—to rise no more!

Phersano approached next; but he met no better fate. His haughty soul left its possessor lying in the dust. His brother, "who the fall beheld,
"To avenge his shame with rage impatient swell'd;
"He plac'd the spear in rest, he spur'd the steed,
"Swift as the bow impels the feather'd reed;
"But, fiercely smote, he stagger'd in his seat;
"His reins his hands, the stirrup left his feet;
"Again recover'd, to renew the joust,"
"Hurri'd from on high he tumbled in the dust."

Full many valorous and gallant knights, inspired by the charms of beauty, and the hopes of renown, with generous, though ardent emulation, essayed the honourable conflict—But in vain—Albert, nobly brave, dealt his strokes

. "with an older arm,
Than that we should believe would wield his sword."

The Duke, struck with the prowess and magnanimity of our youthful hero, and also with the novelty of his motto, (FABER SUE POTUNE,) enquired of his attendants concerning him: of them he could learn no further, than that he had accompanied Tancred.

Of Tancred he next enquired; Tancred knew no more of him than of his bravery on the preceding day, which he related to Salmaria, bestowing at the same time the just encomiums on his generosity and spirit. Salmaria eagerly desired that Albert might be introduced.—"Stranger," said he to Albert, at his entrance, "you have proved yourself a noble and courageous champion—Although many of my bravest knights have met their death at thy hands, I too much respect the laws of chivalry to take revenge. May I, without transgressing the bounds of hospitality, ask to what country you belong, and to what family? 'Tis not idle curiosity that prompts the enquiry." "Alas! (returned Albert,) would that I could inform you. My name is Albert: I know not myself to whom I belong, 'tis for this I have left a good old man, who has been to me a father. I left him with an intention of tendering my services to Prince Tancred; in hopes some accident would bring me to the knowledge of my parents." In answer to Salmaria's question, "How old art thou?" Albert replied—"Nineteen." "Nineteen!" exclaimed Salmaria, and immediately rushed from the court, leaving his courtiers astounded at the perturbation he displayed.

I. H.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

EXTRACTS FROM
Bartolomeo's Voyage to India.

(CONTINUED.)

CURIOUS INCIDENTS.

I remained at *Puduceri* till the 8th of September. During that time, which I employed in making myself acquainted with the geography of the country, the manufactures and manners of the Indians, I met with two incidents, which to me were new, and on that account excited more my astonishment. I had put all my effects into a chest which stood in my apartment, and being one day desirous of taking out a book in order to amuse myself with reading, as soon as I opened the chest I discovered in it an innumerable multitude of those white insects which the *Tamulians*, that is, the inhabitants of the coast of *Ciölamandala*, call *Carea*, and those of Malabar *Cedel*. They are the white ants which have been already described by naturalists, but which I never before had an opportunity of seeing. When I examined the different articles in the chest, I unfortunately observed that these little animals had perforated my shirts in a thousand places; gnawed to pieces my books, and my girdle; my amice, and my shoes fell to pieces as soon as I touched them. The ants were moving in columns each behind the other, and each carried away in its mouth a fragment of my effects. As I expressed my astonishment by a loud shout, M. Jallabert ran into my room, and seeing the swarms of these insects, repeatedly exclaimed, *Carea! Carea!* He then ordered my chest to be placed in the sun, and as soon as these *careas* found themselves exposed to his rays, they all speedily left it. My effects, however, were more than half destroyed.

One evening, a few days after, I had entered into a conversation with M. Jallabert on the religious ceremonies of the Heathens, and the properest means of converting them to the Christian faith; while his two servants had thrown themselves down on mats, spread out on the fore hall, in order to sleep. All of a sudden one of them began to scream out dreadfully; to beat his forehead; to stamp on the floor, and to roar and writhe his body like a madman. On asking him what was the matter, he pointed to one of his ears. We found on examination that a centipede had got into it; and the animal not being able to find its way out, kept pushing itself forwards, and gnawed the interior part of the ear. M. Jallabert immediately made the poor

fellow lie down, and poured into his ear a spoonful of bitter drops (*droga anara*.) The insect was dead in a moment; the patient's pain and terror ceased, and, as soon as a little water was poured into his other ear, the centipede dropped out. These bitter drops are prepared in the following manner: You take mastic, resin or colophonium, myrrh, aloes, male incense, and calamba root, and pound them very fine when the weather is dry, that is to say, when the north wind blows, which, in other parts of the world, supplies the place of what is here called the *Caracatta*. If you wish, therefore, to make a quantity of this medicine, equal to 24 pints, you must take 24 ounces of resin or colophonium, 12 ounces of incense, 4 ounces of mastic, 4 ounces of aloes, 4 ounces of myrrh, and a like quantity of calamba root. Put all these ingredients into a jar filled with strong brandy, and keep it for a month in the sun during dry weather. If the brandy is sufficiently impregnated, it assumes a red colour, and the mass is deposited at the bottom. You then draw off the brandy very slowly, and bottle it up for use. One or two spoonfuls is the usual dose administered to sick persons. This medicine is of excellent service in cases of indigestion, cholic, cramp in the stomach, and of difficult parturition; also for wounds and ulcers; against worms, and in scorbutic and other diseases which arise from corrupted juices. It is the best and most effectual remedy used by the missionaries during their travels. I myself cured with these drops a young man who was almost totally deaf. After pouring two spoonfuls of them into his ear, a cylindric piece of a hard yellow substance came from it, and the patient immediately recovered the perfect use of his hearing.

As I resided in the Pagan quarter of the city, I was visited by several young Indians; some of whom were Heathens, and others professors of Christianity. Some of them spoke exceedingly good French; but others who had received instruction from the Jesuits, spoke Latin. From this I concluded that the Indians are by nature well qualified for study; and that the Indian dialect facilitates, in an eminent degree, their acquiring the European languages. Those who were still heathens, boasted much of their theology; and extolled above all measure their learned language, which they call the *Samscred*. This confirmed me so much the more in the resolution I had formed of learning it, let it cost me whatever labour it might. I observed, however, at the same time, that these young people,

either from ignorance or perversity, frequently confounded the doctrine and principles of Christianity with the doctrine and principles of Paganism.

As the Pagans, Mahometans, and Christians in India, all wear white cotton dresses, and made almost in the same manner, you must look very closely at their forehead, or breast, if you wish to distinguish an Idolater from a Christian. The former have on the forehead certain marks which they consider as sacred, and by which you may know to what sect they belong, and what deity they worship.*

* They bear such marks in honour of *Brabma*, on the forehead; in honour of *Visnu*, on the breast; and in honour of *Sbiwa*, on the arms. These are the three rulers of the elements—earth, water, and fire. In commemoration of the earth having been created by these three deities, and by means of these three elements, the Indians, in their lustrations, besprinkle themselves with three fingers. They take water also in the hollow of the hand, raise it upwards, and in honour of the eight superior protecting spirits, sprinkle it towards the eight quarters of the world: they then throw it towards the heavens in honour of the sun, whom they consider as the supreme divinity. These ablutions, with the marks on the forehead, are called *Shudbamayaga*; that is, purification, purity. The *Bhasma*, or colour with which the sacred marks are made, is supposed to represent the earth, from which the whole world, and consequently these colours, were produced. In this respect, however, the systems differ.

(To be continued.)

A BEAUTIFUL SIMILITUDE.

FROM AN AMIABLE WRITER.

SUPPOSE a large number of persons entering at once into a thick wood:—One will enjoy the refreshing shade; another will complain that it deprives him of the prospect; a third will be employed in observing the various kinds of trees and plants which it contains; a fourth will consider them as the riches of the nation, he will form them in imagination into ships, and suppose them maintaining the empire of the seas, or spreading our commerce round the world; another will think of the money they might produce, he will long for the power of levelling them all with the ground, and carrying the profits to the gaming-table:—Perhaps to some it may appear only as a gloomy solitude, which they wish to quit as soon as possible; while others, struck with the awful scenery of the place, feel their minds elevated by it, and enjoy an exalted kind of pleasure, which can only be felt, but never can be described. Others again consider it merely as the path they must pass through, and go on as fast as they can, without paying the least attention to the objects which surround them. Yet the forest is still the

same, and as an object of sense makes the same impression on all; though the emotions excited in the mind may perhaps be different in every one who enters it.

The same will be found to be the case in regard to most of the objects which engage our attention; and though this difference in the impression made by them, depends in some degree on natural disposition, yet certainly it also depends on many circumstances, which are by no means as independent on ourselves as we are apt to imagine.

Anecdotes.

THE Prince of Wales once honoured Mr. Pope with a visit. Mr. Pope expressed his sense of this condescension in very proper terms, joined with the most dutiful expressions of attachment. On which the Prince said, "It is very well, Mr. Pope, but how shall we reconcile your love to a prince, with your professed indisposition to kings, since princes will be kings in time?" "Sir, (replied Pope,) I consider royalty under that noble and authorised type of a lion; while he is young, and before his nails are grown, he may be approached and caressed with safety and pleasure.

When Dr. Shebbeare was adjudged to stand on the pillory, on account of his sixth letter to the people of England, towards the close of executing his sentence, it began to rain, and the Dr. was particularly well dressed, some of his friends sent up an Irish chairman with an umbrella to hold over him. Next day Paddy appeared at the Doctor's lodgings, "hoping his honour was very well, and that he got no cold the day before."—"Pray, my friend, (says the Dr.) have not you been paid for your services yesterday?"—"Oh yes, your honour; I got half a guinea."—"And don't you think that sufficient for a quarter of an hour's standing?"—"Why, to be sure, in regard to work, I can't say but it is—but, consider the disgrace."—The Dr. gave him a crown more, for which the fellow was so thankful that he left him his address, if ever he should want his services again.

An illiterate country gentleman, trading at a merchant's shop, bought a number of articles of the same kind, but of various qualities. The gentleman requested a bill of the goods, which was readily complied with—and on examining it, was much surprised to find several repetitions of the word *ditto*, and immediately began to rail

at the merchant for his mistake. The merchant assured him that he had made no error, and desired him to call again when in town, at which time, if he could not find the meaning of *ditto*, he would explain it for him. But a short time had expired, when he again called at the store—"Well friend, (said the merchant,) are you now satisfied that I was in no error?" "Yes, (replied the gentleman,) I am convinced that I am a fool, and that you are *ditto*."

A member of the general court of Massachusetts, who, from accustoming himself to take a nap after dinner, when at home, could not dispense with the custom, when attending to give laws to a mighty people, not long since occasioned much sport in the house, by the following incident. A day was assigned for the second reading of a lumber-act: as this interested our sleeper, he requested a friend who sat next him, to awake him if the discussion of the bill should be introduced while he was asleep. This his friend promised him: but happening to go out for a few minutes, the bill was called for; and, after a short debate, was committed. Immediately after, the bill for preventing fornication was brought on. This occasioned some debate, during which the sleeper's friend returned. Finding the lumber-bill was dismissed, he thought he might indulge his friend in his nap. However, as ill-luck would have it, he trod upon the toe of this votary to Morpheus, who supposed it was a signal for his waking: immediately rousing himself, he rubbed his eyes, and looking about, perceived a pause in the debate—on which he rose and addressed the speaker as follows: "Sir, I wish to speak a few words on the bill now in question. It affects, Mr. Speaker, my constituents very much: for *above half our town get their living by it*."

G. S.'s CIPHER.

MR. HOGAN,

After many hours, and indeed I may say days, of hard study, I have been able to decipher the lines furnished you by G. S. and inserted in the 36th No. of the Repository, I at first intended to have sent them to you for publication, but as they have given me a considerable share of trouble, I shall for the present decline it. To convince G. S. however, that I have found their key, you may acquaint him, that the subject of the lines is to set forth the happiness that results to the faithful, in consequence of the mediatorial undertaking of the Prince of Peace.

C. P.

CHESTER COUNTY.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

AN ENIGMA.

(told,

IN the garden of old, as you've often been
I was good mother Eve's bosom friend;
I have ever since then been companion of men,
Yet the sex in their turn I attend.
I am very well known, both in country and town,

Scarce a clown but submits to my pow'r:
Tho' a native of earth, claim from heaven
my birth,

And in both I exist ev'ry hour.
I'm immutable truth, yet inconstant as youth.
Avaricious, and also profuse;

I'm free as the air, yet confin'd like a bear,
And in chains I oft suffer abuse.

I have oft kindled war, yet am free to declare,
My delight ever centres in peace;
Tho' I give to the poor, I ne'er lessen my store,
But abundantly find it increase.

I with emperors dwell, yet the most humble cell

Doth as oft my attention command;
But I fly like a dart from the froward of heart,
For my laws they do not understand.

I oft weddings attend, and the married be-
friend,

Yet am oftentimes turn'd out of door;
And when this is the case, they with shame
and disgrace,

Say I'm banish'd because they are poor.
I oft hide others' faults, and forgive their
assaults,

And their sins I with frankness oft cover;
Yet too oft in return, I am treated with scorn,

By unthinking men all the world over,
I'm of envy the bane, make the cruel humane,
Yet when thwarted, barbarian I turn!

Preserve life if I will, yet I oftentimes kill,
And with jealousy furious I burn.

When my banner's unfurl'd, I can sway the
whole world,

Yet am subject to whim and caprice;
Tho' I'm gentle and true, I can tyrannize too,
And make slaves to my laws in a trice.

R. W.

PHILADELPHIA,

AUGUST 15, 1801.

MARRIED...In this City...On the 12th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Cooper, the Rev. Richard Allen, Pastor of the Methodist African Church, to Miss Sarah Bass.

DIED...In this City...On the 10th inst. in 24 hours illness, Mr. William Cooper, eldest son of Mr. Joseph Cooper, merchant.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"An Acrostic" to Washington, and other communications received this week will be duly attended to.

TEMPLE of the MUSES.

For the PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

MR. HOGAN.

The following original lines were composed by a young lady of Connecticut, about four years ago, and were intended solely for the perusal of a friend, to whom they were inclosed, and who had expressed a desire to live with the author in the manner that she so poetically describes. I forbear to make any comments on the production; its intrinsic merit being sufficiently obvious.—The sentiments are truly amiable.—They were indeed the spontaneous emanations of the heart, and I doubt not will prove acceptable to the readers of your valuable Repository. Yours, &c.

Philadelphia, August 13, 1801.

J. S.

ON rising ground we'll rear a little dome,
Plain, neat and elegant it shall appear:
No slave shall there sigh for its native home,
Or silent drop the unavailing tear.

Content and cheerfulness shall dwell within,
And each domestic serve thro' love alone;
Coy happiness we'll strive for once to win,
With meek religion there to build her throne.

And oft our friends will bless the lonely vale,
And social pass the wintry eves away:
Or when soft summer swells the fragrant gale,
Delighted mark new beauties as they stray.

Charm'd with the scenes by fancy's pencil drawn,
The various landscape rushes on my view,

The cultivated farm, the flow'ry lawn,
That sucks the fragrance of the honey'd dew.

The fertile meadows, trim with daises pied,
The garden breathing Flora's best perfume,
(trons tried,
And stor'd with herbs, whose worth by magic
Dispel disease, and give health's roseate bloom.

The vines with purple clusters bending low,
And various fruit-trees, loaded branches bear;

Here roots of every kind profusely grow,
Bespeaking plenty thro' the circling year.

See yonder hillock, where our golden corn,
Waves its bright head to every passing breeze;

Yon fruitful field, our sportive flocks adorn,
Our cows at rest, beneath the neighb'ring trees.

As misty clouds from silent waters rise;
Yon distant town attracts the gazer's view,
Yon mount whose lofty summit meets the skies,

Shelters the village on the plain below.

Behind our cot a wood defies the storm,
Like as where Druids us'd in days of yore,
When superstition wore religion's form,
With mystic rites their unknown gods adore.

Within this grove we'll oft retire to muse,
Where contemplation builds her silent seat,
Her soothing influence she'll ne'er refuse,
To those who wander in her blest retreat.

A river solemn murmurs thro' the shades,
The whispering pines in echo soft reply,
Then hoarse o'er rocks, it seeks the distant glades,

Forming a rainbow, in the moisten'd sky:

Nor leaves us here; but through the village winds,

Where simple elegance in neat array,
Might teach even pomp, that not to wealth confin'd,

Genius and taste might to a cottage stray.

In front a level grass-plot, smooth & green,
Where neighb'ring children pass sweet hours at play,

And fairies oft, if fairies ere have been,
Would feattly foot the midnight hours away.

Our plenteous stores we'll freely give to all,
Want ne'er shall pass in sorrow from our door,

With joy we'll seat the beggar in our hall,
And learn the tale of woe that sunk his store!

But chiefly those who pine by sickness prest,
Whose merit known to few unhonor'd lies,
How sweet to banish sorrow from their breast,

(eyes.
And bid fair hope shine sparkling in their

Thus humbly blest, when youthful years are flown,
Proud to be good, not wishing to be great,

And swift-wing'd time proclaims our moments run,
(fate.
Resign'd to heaven, we'll cheerful bow to

Plac'd in one grave, beneath a plain smooth stone,
(the face,
Where oft the tear unfeign'd shall dew

The sick, the poor shall oft our fate bemoan,
And wealth and grandeur never mark the place.
AMELIA.

For the PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

IMPROMPTU,

On being told that certain persons had frequently spoken of me in my absence, with plenty of ill-natured and sarcastic epithets, quite the reverse of what they used towards me in my presence; thereby evincing the possibility of a person having, what Mr. BARLOW energetically calls,

The garb of friendship, and the viper's heart.

WHY, let them please themselves, for sure they ought,

With any picture that their fancy draws:
'Tis not of me they speak;—they know me not;

'Tis not my place to them to dictate laws.

A dream is pleasant, e'en t' infernal elves;
If bad, 'tis short—if good, it pleasure gains:

Then, let them dream and talk,—'tis of themselves,—

Mere empty phantoms of still emptier brains.
PHILANDER.

For the PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

ANSWER TO R. W.'s ENIGMA, IN THE 33d NUMBER.

I perus'd thy Enigma again and again,
Determin'd the mystery I would explain;
All the day I pursu'd it, nor quitted all night,

Until Chanticleer crew, when I found it was
—LIGHT. A. B.

IN the Pleasure House, at the upper end of the Gardens, at Grey's Ferry, some of the visitors have amused themselves by writing with a pencil on the wainscoat of the room; which excited the muse of some poetic wag to inscribe the following distich:

"He who writes upon a wall,
Has little or no sense at all."

Immediately under this, written by a different hand, stands the following laconic retort:

"And he who scrawls this wainscoat o'er,
Can't boast that he has got much more."

THE WEDDING RING.

ANNETTE was milder than the dew,
That spangles Arno's scented grove,
And LUBIN constant, fond and true,
As ever told the tale of love.

One eve, with chaste, yet mantling smile,
He bade her "guess what he could bring,"
Then, from a bosom void of guile,
He blush'd, and trembling took a ring.

The maiden flutter'd, sidled, sigh'd—

Oh Cupid! 'twas a charming scene—

And with affected coyness cried,

"Dear, what can such a trinket mean!"

"Mean!" said the youth with glowing cheek,

And flurri'd that she so mistook;

"A ring-dove dropt it from his beak,

I pick'd it up in yonder brook.

And much we owe, my lovely fair,

To this kind token of the dove,

Who dopt it for the purpose there,

A faithful emblem of our love.

It is of clearest gold refin'd,

Affection's chastest signa besure;

And polish'd like my Annette's mind

As simply elegant and pure.

It's round too, what is that to prove?

To what can such an emblem tend?

What, but th' eternity of love,

A love, like mine, that knows no end.

Annette, they say—nay, in this curve,

No sorcery lurks, nor lawless art—

That in this finger there's a nerve,

Which leads directly to the heart.

Touch'd by this gold—for raptur'd there,

Love's charming witcheries are such,

Fancy would faulter to declare,

The thrilling pleasure—shall I touch?"

It struck her finger—raptur'd quite,

She cried, "you're foolish, get you gone;

Yet, if the touch be such delight,

What happiness to put it on!"

He seiz'd the hint, the willing maid,

Scarce knew what she had said or done,

But love's sweet influence obey'd,

And kiss'd the ring that made them one.

And now when rude or playful jest

At happy wedlock has its fling,

She clasps her Lubin to her breast,

And smiling shews her—WEDDING RING!

EPIGRAM.

No wonder that Pennsylvania college pro-
found,

In learning and science so much doth abound;

When all carry thither a mile each day,

And we meet with so few, who bring any
QUID.